



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Journal of a tour and residence in Great Britain during the years 1810 and 1811 by a French Traveller, with remarks on the Country, its Arts, Literature, and Politicks, and on the Manners and Customs of its inhabitants. Edinburgh: printed by Ramsay and Co. for Constable and Co. and Longman, Hurst and Co. London, 1815. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 742. With plates.

The English have contributed more than any other people to the stock of travels. They have visited and described every country in Europe; their own country in return has not been often depicted by foreigners; of the American travellers who have published accounts of England, the work of professor Silliman has been hitherto the best. Perhaps the most complete book of travels in England that has yet been produced, was Southey's fictitious 'Letters of Espriella.' The English, however, have left but little for other nations to do. Having been confined so much at home for the last twenty years, and so long excluded from the Continent, they have travelled over their own islands, and there have been so many tours, so many descriptions of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and every county in England; that for every thing, except national character and manners, their own books are more complete, than any that can be written by a stranger. Still it is always interesting to see one country described by the native of another; and if the traveller possesses intelligence and a moderate share of liberality, his observations will possess the value of impartial judgment. People are seen by others under lights and shades, in which they can never behold themselves.

We do not recollect any instance of a traveller possessing more requisites, for giving an interesting book of travels in England, than those which appear to have been united in the author of the work before us. He was a Frenchman educated in France, lived in the United States twenty years, where he acquired a perfect knowledge of the language and literature of England, and became sufficiently accustomed to political institutions of the same generick character, though much more free and elementary, to be able to judge of those in a country so different from his own, without being confounded, disgusted or dazzled by

their novelty and peculiar physiognomy. He appears to have a general knowledge of most of the subjects of science, of literature, political economy, and the fine arts, which would come in the way of an intelligent traveller. In addition to all this, he seems, what is indeed uncommon, to be almost wholly exempt from passion, prejudice, or the spirit of party. His opinions are all the result of his observation, not received from others; and he is remarkably independent without being rude or illiberal. In the article of paintings, for instance, he speaks as a connoisseur, but quite uninfluenced by names or established reputation. He admires no pictures of Raphael, except the Cartoons at Hampton court, which are indeed the only pictures of that great artist in England that have any merit, though there is a very fine Cartoon copy of the Transfiguration, at Kensington palace. He denounces Rubens, in which we join with him most entirely; for the great reputation of this artist must be founded on his science, and be truly felt only by artists. It is impossible that a person who should possess only taste without skill can be pleased with his paintings. With respect to Rembrandt, we cannot follow him, he extols him too much. His observations on this subject, which are true and natural, extend to the publick exhibitions, and the principal private collections, such as the Marquis of Lansdown's, Mr. Hope's, Mr. Angerstein's, &c.

A man who travels in a free country, however, is not confined to the paintings and statues, music and the theatres, he must naturally engage in questions of political economy, of government and literature. The work contains discussions on the prominent topics of the day, paper currency, reform in Parliament, &c. &c. These are treated with discernment and perfect temper and impartiality. He leans abstractedly to the side of strong government, and having himself been educated under a despotick form, seems to have found a sort of relief from the perfect freedom of the United States, in the institutions of England, which held the medium between the two. It is perhaps quite impossible that any man, brought up under a despotism, should feel entire confidence in a perfectly free state. The absence of accustomed restriction, would in his mind always be blended with the apprehension of inadequate protection. Men are the creatures of habit in government, as in every thing else, and the safety arising to a free government from this source, is

quite as powerful as under a despotick one ; it is safe in its natural exercise, and dangerous only when violated or counteracted.

We watched with some curiosity, to see if the author had been able to divest himself absolutely, of all national susceptibility. For a Frenchman, however magnanimous he may be, unless his feelings are wholly blunted, must sometimes have them disagreeably excited in England. We think we have perceived a little of this, in his familiar acquaintance with the lighter works of Voltaire, whom he sometimes quotes ; for instance, at p. 355, vol. i. one of the instances of the admirable satire of that celebrated wit, and we could not help imagining that there was a secret solace, in recurring from any thing that might be offensive at the moment, to the recollection of the wit and sarcasm which had been exerted on the other side. There are also some remarks on the use of the word *charlatanerie* in the Edinburgh Review, while speaking of some transaction in France, as if, he remarks very justly, there was no such thing as quackery in England, and no word to express it.

His descriptions of England are very good. The roads, the inns, the cultivation, the movement of the population, the splendour and number of the villas, the neatness of the country houses and cottages appear to have struck him, as they must every stranger, with admiration. His account of Scotland and Wales is very full, the scenery of the lakes of Cumberland is minutely given, perhaps a little too much so. The volumes are ornamented with many plates of ruins and natural scenery, from drawings by the author, which are finely executed. We shall now proceed to make copious extracts with a few occasional remarks.

'*January 8.* We arrived at Bath last night. The chaise drew up in style at the White Hart. Two well-dressed footmen were ready to help us to alight, presenting an arm on each side. Then a loud bell on the stairs, and lights carried before us to an elegantly furnished sitting room, where the fire was already blazing. In a few minutes, a neat looking chamber-maid, with an ample white apron, pinned behind, came to offer her services to the ladies, and shew the bed-rooms. In less than half an hour, five powdered gentlemen burst into the room with the dishes, &c. and two remained to wait. I give this as a sample of the best or rather the finest inns. Our bill was

2l. 11s. sterling, dinner for three, tea, beds and breakfast. The servants have no wages,—but depending on the generosity of travellers, they find it their interest to please them. They, the servants, cost us about five shillings a day.

‘This morning we have explored the town, which is certainly very beautiful. It is built of freestone of a fine cream-colour, and contains several publick edifices in good taste. We remarked a circular place called the Crescent, another called the Circus;—all the streets straight and regular. The town looks as if it had been cast in a mould all at once; so new, so fresh, and regular. The building where the medical water is drunk, and where the baths are, exhibits very different objects; human nature, old, infirm and in ruins, or weary and ennuyé. Bath is a sort of great monastery, inhabited by single people, particularly superannuated females. No trade, no manufactures, no occupations of any sort, except that of killing time, the most laborious of all. Half of the inhabitants do nothing, the other half supplies them with nothings;—multitudes of splendid shops, full of all that wealth and luxury can desire, arranged with all the arts of seduction.

‘Being in haste, and not equipped for the place, we left it at three o’clock, dined and slept fourteen miles off, on the direct road to London. During our ride we saw a little stream appear among the willows, in the vale below. I asked a woman at the toll-gate what the name of it was: “Sure, sir, the Avon.” It is not easy to avoid failing in respect to English rivers, by mistaking them for mere rivulets. I have heard an Englishman who was amusing himself with the ignorance prevalent in foreign countries, tell a story of a lady who said to him, “Have you in England any rivers like this?” (the Seine;) but interrupting herself, added laughingly, “Good God, how can I be so silly, it is an island; there are no rivers!” I really think the lady was not so very much in the wrong.

‘The country is beautiful, rich, and varied, with villas and mansions, and dark groves of pines,—shrubs in full bloom, evergreen lawns, and gravel walks so neat—with porter’s lodges built in rough cast, and stuck all over with flints, in their native grotesqueness; for this part of England is a great bed of chalk, full of this singular production, (flints.) They are broken to pieces with hammers and

spread over the road in deep beds, forming a hard and even surface, upon which the wheels of carriages make no impression. The roads are now wider, kept in good repair, and not deep, notwithstanding the season. The post-horses excellent, and post-boys riding, instead of sitting. Our rate of travelling does not exceed six miles an hour, stoppages included; but we might go faster if we desired it. We meet with very few post-chaises, but a great many stage-coaches, mails, &c. and enormous broad waggons. The comfort of the inns is our incessant theme at night, the pleasure of it is not yet worn out.'

The concise sketch of Bath is correct; it is the paradise of invalid men and women, whose most important occupation is playing at whist. There is more good architecture at Bath in private buildings than in any town in the world. There was, however, a great deformity in one of the squares a few years since, which may still exist. A small obelisk stood in the centre, about thirty feet high. The ground had been raised so as to bury up the pedestal, and the taper shaft grew up through the grass, not unlike a young shoot of asparagus. The wit about the river, which is not without foundation, recalls to mind another jest. A Frenchman remarked to an Englishman at Paris while looking at the Seine, 'you have no such river as this at London.'—'No, replied the other, we had, but we filled it up,' (meaning Shoreditch.)

'*January.* The weather is called here very cold (20° or 22° of the thermometer of Fahrenheit :) the serpentine river is covered with skaters, some of them first rate ones. Ladies crowd to contemplate the human form divine—strength, grace, and manly beauty. There is certainly much to admire in this respect in the class of gentlemen in England, which is not only handsomer, but stronger than the labouring class both of town and country. It appears to me that it was the reverse in France, and that gentlemen in general were rather inferior in bodily faculties to countrymen and town labourers. This difference may be ascribed to the practice of athletic amusements being much more general in England—much more a part of education; and to the circumstance of the young men being introduced later to the society of women in England than in France. That society, when of the modest sort, induces sedentary habits—and when otherwise, has still worse consequences.

A taste for the country might also serve to account for this fact : a taste at least for those amusements which are only found in the country—sporting, fishing, and horses. The fashionable part of the town is deserted one half of the year, and this half not at all the pleasantest one ; but that of the shortest days, the darkest sky, and the coldest weather—that is to say, all winter till March ; spending all the spring, which is said to be very beautiful in England, but is not the season of field sports, amidst the dust and smoke of London. Such is the kind of attraction which is here found in the country.

‘ Westminster Abbey is seen to advantage from the parks, its Gothick towers rising above the summits of the trees. The Palace of St. James, situated at the entrance of the park of that name, is a paltry looking building of the meanest possible appearance, and half consumed by fire ; it is impossible to conceive any thing worse of the palace kind. We are apt to lend form and colour to those objects of which we have always heard, but have never seen ; and I own I had built in my mind a very different sort of palace for the Court of St. James’s—so rich and so proud. This royal residence was erected by Henry VIII.’

The constant habit of manly exercises, field sports, riding, walking, &c. is the cause of the athletick make and general fine appearance of the *gentlemen* of England, as is more than once remarked by the author. The comparative indolence of young men in America, and the exhausting, brutalizing use of tobacco, are the causes of their inferior appearance. It may be asserted, that on an average an English gentleman takes three times as much exercise, as an American one. And we fear that of all parts of the United States, there is none where manly exercise is less taken, and the consequences more visible, than in Boston. How few of our young men are in the habit of riding on horseback, and as to walking ! a walk of three or four miles is apt to excite their surprise, and a feeling of something like degradation at being seen on foot off the pavement.

‘ *February 17.* We have been a whole month in London, and for the last three weeks I have set down nothing in this journal. It is not as might be supposed, from having been too much taken up, or too little. A French traveller once remarked sagaciously, that there is a malady peculiar to the climate of England, called the *catch cold* ;

this malady, under the modern title of influenza, has recently afflicted all London, and we have been attacked by it. A friend of ours, who had come to London on purpose to receive us, has been obliged to fly precipitately : others dare not come. The letters we brought have not procured many useful or agreeable acquaintances—some of them have not been followed by the slightest act of politeness ; and although we have to acknowledge the attention of some persons, their number is very small, and we feel alone in the crowd. London is a giant—strangers can only reach his feet. Shut up in our apartments, well warmed, and well lighted, and where we seem to want nothing but a little of that immense society in the midst of which we are suspended, but not mixed, we have full leisure to observe its outward aspect and general movements, and listen to the roar of its waves, breaking around us in measured time, like the tides of the ocean !

“ Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance.”

‘ In the morning all is calm,—not a mouse stirring before ten o’clock ; the shops then begin to open. Milk-women, with their pails perfectly neat, suspended at the two extremities of a yoke, carefully fitted to shape the shoulders, and surrounded with small tin measures of cream, ring at every door, with reiterated pulls to hasten the maid-servants, who come half asleep to receive a measure as big as an egg, being the allowance of a family ; for it is necessary to explain that milk is not here either food or drink, but a tincture—an elixir exhibited in drops five or six at most, in a cup of tea morning and evening. It would be difficult to say what taste or what quality these drops may impart ; but so it is, and nobody thinks of questioning the propriety of the custom. Not a single carriage,—not a cart are seen passing. The first considerable stir is the drum and military musick of the guards, marching from their barracks to Hyde Park, having at their head three or four negro giants, striking, high, gracefully, and strong the resounding cymbal. About three or four o’clock the fashionable world gives some signs of life, issuing forth to pay visits,

or rather leave cards at the door of their friends, never seen but in the crowd of assemblies ; to go to shops, see sights, or lounge in Bond-street, an ugly, inconvenient street, the attractions of which it is difficult to understand. At five or six they return home to dress for dinner. The streets are then lighted from one end to the other, or rather edged on either side with two long lines of little brightish dots, indicative of light, but yielding in fact very little ;—these are the lamps. They are not suspended in the middle of the streets as at Paris, but fixed on irons eight or nine feet high, ranged along the houses. The want of reflectors is probably the cause of their giving so little light. From six to eight the *noise* of wheels increases ; it is the dinner hour. A multitude of carriages with two eyes of flame staring in the dark before each of them, shake the pavement and the very houses, following and crossing each other at full speed. Stopping suddenly, a footman jumps down, runs to the door, and lifts the heavy knocker—gives a great knock—then several smaller ones in quick succession—then with all his might, flourishing as on a drum, with an art and an air, and a delicacy of touch, which denote the quality, the rank, and the fortune of his master.

‘ For two hours, or nearly, there is a pause ; at ten a *redoublement* comes on. This is the great crisis of dress, noise, and of rapidity—a universal hubbub ; a sort of uniform grinding and shaking, like that experienced in a great mill with fifty pair of stones ; and if I was not afraid of appearing to exaggerate, I should say that it came upon the ear like the fall of Niagara, heard at two miles distance ! This crisis continues undiminished till twelve or one o’clock ; then less and less during the night,—till at the approach of light a single carriage is heard now and then at a great distance.

‘ Great assemblies are called routs or parties ; but the people who give them, in their invitations only say, that they will be *at home* such a day, and this some weeks beforehand. The house in which this takes place is frequently stripped from top to bottom ; beds, drawers, and all but ornamental furniture is carried out of sight, to make room for a crowd of well-dressed people, received at the door of the principal apartment by the mistress of the house standing, who smiles at every new comer with a look of

acquaintance. Nobody sits. There is no conversation, no cards, no musick, only elbowing, turning and winding from room to room : then at the end of a quarter of an hour, escaping to the hall door to wait for the carriage, spending more time upon the threshold among footmen, than you had done above stairs with their masters. From this rout you drive to another, where after waiting your turn to arrive at the door, perhaps half an hour, the street being full of carriages, you alight, begin the same round and end it in the same manner. The publick knows there is a party in a house by two signs ; first an immense crowd of carriages before the house,—then every curtain and every shutter of every window wide open, shewing apartments in a blaze of light with heads innumerable black or white, (powdered or not,) in continual motion. This custom is so general, that having a few days ago, five or six persons in the evening with us, we observed our servant had left the windows thus exposed, thinking no doubt, that this was a rout after our fashion.

‘ Such may be, it will be said, the life of the rich, the well-born and the idle, but it cannot be that of many of the people ; of the commercial part for instance, of this emporium of the trade of the universe. The trade of London is carried on in the east part of the town, called, *par excellence, the city*. The west is inhabited by people of fashion, or those who wish to appear such ; and the line of demarkation, north and south, runs through Soho Square. Every minute of longitude east, is equal to as many degrees of gentility *minus*, or towards west *plus*. This meridian line north and south, like that indicated by the compass, inclines west towards the north, and east towards the south, two or three points, in such a manner, as to place a certain part of Westminster on the side of fashion ; the Parliament house, Downing street, and the Treasury are necessarily genteel. To have a right to emigrate from east to west, it is requisite to have at least 3000*l* sterling a year ; should you have less, or at least spend less, you might find yourself slighted, and 6000*l* a year would be safer. Many, indeed, have a much narrower income, who were born there ; but city emigrants have not the same privileges. The legitimate people of fashion affect poverty, even to distinguish themselves from the rich intruders.

It is citizen-like to be at ease about money, and to pay readily on demand.'

This description of the noise and routine of the west part of the town is given accurately. The rattling and bustle for so many hours of the night, may appear exaggerated to those who have never witnessed it, still it is a faithful picture. Of all senseless and tiresome amusements, an English rout stands foremost; it has but one single recommendation, and even this to most people would be the very reverse, which is a crowd. Like the clown, that could not see the city for the houses, no one can be seen here for the crowd; there is no conversation, no musick, no refreshments, and not even the possibility of sitting down. It is not wonderful that men should be reluctant to go to them, women, as the author observes elsewhere, are three times as numerous.

In speaking of customs at table, he observes, p. 47, that among polite people the awkward custom of drinking healths all round the table, is abolished, as indeed it cannot be done now, since introductions of the company to each other are not common.—' This custom of introducing is losing ground every day; and in fact, the height of fashion is to banish every thing like *gêne* and ceremony. This is certainly very well; but some people go a little farther, and under pretence of ease, every appearance of mutual good-will is excluded. Voltaire has said somewhere, "*qui n'est que juste est dur.*" I would add, *qui n'est que franc est brutal*. True politeness, I presume, is merely benevolence in small things, which costs so little, and requires so few sacrifices, that it is not worth while to dispense with it. When politeness promises no more, it is consistent with perfect sincerity. The manners of those who have that sort of politeness, resemble each other in all countries, while the arbitrary politeness of fashion is more local. Fashionable people in England are very apt to be insolent—in France probably impertinent.'

There is much just reflection in these remarks, and the conclusion is perfectly true. The tone of manners in England is often embarrassing to a stranger, there is so much coldness, so little officiousness, so much reserve, and so little sympathy, that the situation when new is often irksome, and a foreigner unaccustomed to such reception is apt to fancy that, which is the general practice, to be peculiarly di-

rected against him. Nothing can be more agreeable than a well-bred tone of perfect ease, and absence of ceremony, even though it borders on careless indifference, when it is exercised among acquaintance. But it is often, in the case of strangers, carried too far: and the coarse imitations of this style of society, that are too frequently met with, are downright rudeness and vulgarity. This fashion of leaving every one wholly to themselves, is sometimes not unlike a kind of coffee-house intercourse. People not being introduced to each other, it happens that this is often a plea for neglect, and a stranger may find himself at a gentleman's table, where an address to his neighbour whom he has never seen before, will be met very much in the manner it would be in a publick room. At a coffee-house it will often happen that two persons, gentlemen at least in appearance, may dine at the same table, each his separate dinner, drink their bottle each, and rise without ever saying a word to each other. This could happen in no other country in the world. A foreigner requires practice to assume these habits, but after a few twitches of the nerves, which his experience may cost him, he adapts himself to the manners he finds. Indeed it may be taken as a general truth, we speak now of society in London and the watering places, that every Englishman is suspicious of one of two things in his meeting with every face he does not know; either that his rank or his pocket will suffer, and this suspicion produces a universal tone of negative defiance. Of course this feeling often shewn from inferiours to superiours, without their knowing them to be so, is fruitful of ridiculous situations.

Under this head we may relate an anecdote which, though rather a peculiar case, yet is characteristick of much of fashionable life. A gentleman was invited by a lady to an evening party; he went, paid his compliments to her, was introduced to no one, knew no person in the room, and of course was very soon completely abandoned to himself. He after a time entered into a conversation with a gentleman standing rather solitary by the fire place. He enquired of him the names of several persons, to all of which he received a similar though polite answer, that he did not know them. The other then told him, Sir you seem to be in the same situation with myself, and as it is somewhat dull here, suppose we should go to a coffee-house together and take a bottle of wine to get rid of the even-

ing. The other remarked that he should be very happy to accept his proposal, but if he went out, it might be observed and appear strange, as it was—his own house !

‘I have been carried to one of the Hospitals of this great town, supported by voluntary contributions. I shall relate what I saw. The physician, seated at a table in a large hall on the ground floor, with a register before him, ordered the door to be opened ; a crowd of miserable objects, women, pushed in, and ranged themselves along the wall ; he looked in his book and called them to him successively, Such a one ! The poor wretch leaving her wall, crawled to the table. “How is your catarrh ?” “Please your honour, no offence I hope, it is the asthma. I have no rest night nor day, and”—“Ah, so it is the asthma ; it is somebody else who has the catarrh. Well, you have been ordered to take, &c.”—“Yes, Sir, but I grow worse and worse, and”—“That is nothing, you must go on with it.”—“But, Sir, indeed I cannot.”—“Enough, enough, good woman, I cannot listen to you any more ; many patients to get through this morning,—never do to hear them talk,—go and take your draught, &c.” The catarrh woman made way for a long train of victims of consumption, cases of fever, dropsy, scrofula, and some disorders peculiar to women, detailed without any ceremony, before young students. This melancholy review of human infirmities, was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected entrance of a surgeon, followed by several young men, carrying a piece of bloody flesh on a dish. “A curious case,” they exclaimed, placing the dish on the table ; “an ossification of the lungs ! such a one, who died yesterday,—just opened. This is the state of his lungs. See these white needles like fishbones, shooting through here and there ;—most curious indeed.” Then they handled, and cut open, and held up between the eye and the light, these almost palpitating remains of a creature who breathed yesterday. The symptoms of his disorder, and the circumstances of his death, were freely talked over, and accurately described in the hearing of the consumptive patients, who felt, I dare say, the bony needles pricking their own lungs at every breath they drew, and seemed to hear their own sentence of death pronounced.

‘The women being despatched, twenty or thirty male spectres came in, and underwent the same sort of summary examination. The only case I recollect was, that of a man

attacked with violent palpitations, accompanied with great pain in the shoulders. His heart was felt beating hard through the sternum, or even under the ribs on the *right* side. His heart has moved from its place! The unhappy man thrown back on an armchair—his breast uncovered—pale as death—fixed his fearful eyes on the physicians, who successively came to feel the pulsations of the breast, and reason on the cause. They seemed to me to agree among themselves, that the heart had been pushed on one side by the augmentation of the bulk of the viscera; and that the action of the aorta was impeded thereby. The case excited much attention, but no great appearance of compassion. They reasoned long on the cause without advert-ing to the remedy till after the patient had departed, when he was called back from the door and cupping prescribed!

‘The medical men next proceeded to visit the resident patients. I followed. The apartments were clean and spacious, and the sick not crowded, which is no doubt of the greatest importance. I was shocked, however, with the same appearance of insensibility and precipitation.

Là le long de ces lits on gémit le malheur,
Victimes des secours plus que de la douleur,
L'ignorance en courant fait sa ronde homicide,
L'indifférence observe at le hasarde décide.

There is, however, more indifference than ignorance here; for in no part of the world, is the art of medicine carried farther than in London; and without being at all qualified to judge, the mere circumstance of this art and those who practice it, being so much more respected here, than in France, is sufficient to convince me of their superiority. In France surgery is honoured, while medicine is slighted. Moliere has much to answer for this; and if Shakespeare had taken it into his head to laugh at physicians, there is no knowing how they would fare in England at this day.’ p. 75.

This account is a little severe, the dissection part of it was disgusting cruelty to the wretched patients around. A certain degree of indifference is engendered by familiarity with any scenes; but the harshness towards the patients was perhaps rather apparent than real, and a degree of severity in decision may become necessary. A spectator, unaccustomed to such sights, who sees a hospital or a battle, may be appalled at the accumulation of so much suffering,

and be disposed to accuse the actors of more cruelty, than they really deserve.

The following are some very just reflections on the English Theatre.

‘The crude trash of these popular plays affords a fair sample of the whole modern British stage, which is rather below the level of the exhibitions at fairs, which I recollect having seen in France twenty or thirty years ago. They made me laugh sometimes, and might do so still; and far from an unwillingness to yield to risibility, it is always a great comfort to me, when I happen to find, that I am not quite a stranger to that most valuable faculty of our species. But really, if it was ever wise to have been ashamed of having laughed at any thing, there might be some reason here. Voltaire said, that the language of English comedy is the language of debauchery, not of politeness. Muralt ascribes the corruption of manners in London to comedy as its chief cause; he says, it is like that of no other country; the school in which the youth of both sexes familiarize themselves with vice, never represented there as vice, but as gayety. As for comedies, says Diderot, they have none; they have instead satires, full indeed of gayety and strength, but without morals, and without delicacy. We have, finally, the opinion of Lord Kaimes, who observes, that if the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorse in his last moments, he must have been lost to all sense of virtue.

‘For myself, however, I must confess, that I have hitherto seen no very bad morals on the stage—but a great deal of very bad taste. There is on the contrary, in most modern plays, fine speeches about virtue and patriotism, brought in head and shoulders, and always vigorously applauded. This does credit to the moral sense of the publick: but I own I should like to see on the stage, something of these satires so full of strength and gaiety, of which Diderot speaks, and be introduced to that reprobate Congreve. “The bad taste which precedes good taste,” said Horace Walpole, “is preferable to that which follows.” The dramatick genius of the English *franchit les distances*, without intermediate degrees. The English do not indeed defend their comedy; they acknowledge that the best are coarse and indelicate, and for many years that nothing has appeared that is not below mediocrity. The theatre they

say, is almost entirely abandoned by the upper ranks of society, the taste for the stage is lost. It seems to me a misfortune; for good comedy is a pastime more rational and amusing, than the insipid evenings of which I have given an account above.' p. 102.

'England has just lost Mr. Windham. His death has been marked as his life was, with the originality of his character. He would undergo a cruel operation, against the advice of medical men, and prepared himself with great courage, and a perfect knowledge of the danger, as appears by the letters he wrote, to be delivered in case of his death. It afforded probably the only chance for his life. Mr. Windham has left a voluminous diary, which will be given to the publick some time or other. This illustrious man has excited so general an interest, that it became necessary in the last days of his illness, to satisfy the publick by a daily bulletin. His sins are now forgiven, and all parties agree in doing justice to his perfect disinterestedness, his frankness, his generosity, his courage, his profound contempt of mere popularity, his knowledge, and eloquence. He leaves behind him no reputation equal to his; but he leaves many men capable of being more solidly useful than he was; and the state loses only a brilliant ornament. His fortune was about 6000 pounds a year, and all from patrimony, not acquired.' p. 160.

'After spending three days agreeably at Bury St. Edmunds, we continued our journey towards London by Cambridge. I am inclined to think English society pleasantest out of London. There is more leisure—as much information, and manners equally good; for nobody is provincial in this country. You meet no where with those persons, who never were out of their native place, and whose habits are wholly local; nobody above poverty, who has not visited London once in his life; and most of those who can, visit it once a year. To go up to town from 100 to 200 miles distance, is a thing done on a sudden, and without any previous deliberation. In France, the people of the Provinces used to make their will before they undertook such an expedition. Cultivation of mind, and elegance of manners, are more conspicuous comparatively among women than among men. There is more difference between the women of this country and those I have seen elsewhere, than between the men of the same

countries respectively. The men appear to me less universal than they were in France, formerly at least ; but they know better what they do know. They are less apt to say every thing which comes into their heads, they think before they speak, they have less vanity and more pride.— This is wise and respectable, but does not form perhaps a state of society very amusing. The women are no less remarkable for their discretion and reserve ; but it is the reserve of modesty instead of that of pride ; not voluntary and insurmountable. Commercial communications and exchanges are not better established here, or upon an easier and more convenient footing, than mental ones. Science, anecdotes, politicks, fashions even the most frivolous, every thing that can interest the mind of all descriptions of persons who have any mind at all, circulates through its appropriate channel, day by day, week by week, or quarter by quarter, to the remotest corner of the country, as regularly and as abundantly as in London. Every body finds on his table at stated days and hours, the Newspaper, the Journal, or the Review, to which he subscribes ; and if he cannot afford to subscribe, he will at least find all these things at the circulating Library, the reading-room, or the book club of the next little town or village. He will know exactly, let his life be otherwise ever so obscure and solitary, what is going on, at least in Parliament, at the opera : what routs, births, death, marriages, and elopements have taken place among people of consequence. Deeper works will give him the spirit and criticism of most literary novelties, or abstruse, edifying and amusing subjects. Novels in shoals will finally serve to fill up any portion of his time, and his whole life, if he pleases, with every variety of sentimental distresses and pleasures the human faculties are capable of feeling. Poetry is so happily cultivated in England, the present generation particularly has produced so many admirable specimens of it, that the feelings it imparts are become familiar. Women, with more time, more curiosity, and livelier feelings than men, know better how to avail themselves of these opportunities ; and the tincture of science, and literature, and of every accomplishment forming the habitual state, is in general unmixed with pedantry. It is an every day dress which they are at ease in, and does not unfit them for the common business of life, and the duties of their station. I do not know whether this light

and easy regimen is, generally speaking, calculated to form strong and original constitutions of mind ; such however, thrive under any management, when the germ and power is in us : and England of all countries in the world, shews the least signs of mental feebleness and enervation among its inhabitants.' p. 185.

We find here, that we must either omit many of the extracts which we had selected from this work, or some observations we intended to make from the recollections they suggested to us ; and as it is necessary to make a choice, we have no hesitation in sacrificing our own remarks, to introduce larger portions of this very entertaining and rational observer's travels. There are some of his opinions in which we cannot entirely join ; but we admire the author's good sense and dispassionate mode of observing. We have taken the extracts from various topics, and would with pleasure have made them more numerous. We have however selected enough to give every reader a wish to peruse the work.

' As we get farther from London, I think I perceive more moderation in political opinions : fewer people speak of revolution, either to wish or fear it, or believe the people ripe for it. The party of which Cobbett is the mouth-piece, does not appear numerous out of the capital. The masterly caricatures of this Hogarth of the pen, so well known in America, are quite characteristick of the manners and government of England. Foreigners who read some of the party publications which swarm from the English press, and particularly Cobbett, conceive certainly very erroneous opinions of the real state of things. I believed in America with many others, and I know that several persons at the head of the American government believe now, that England is on the eve of a revolution, which it is supposed will free them from her maritime pretensions ; and if it is possible to be so deceived in a country so similar to England, what must it be in France, where no adequate idea can be formed of party exaggeration. Far from taking these party writers literally, I find the greatest part of the English public look upon them only as professed wrestlers, whose display of strength and abilities interests and amuses them, but whose object, besides the gratification of some malice and vanity, is merely money. They are not believed sincere, and without that belief there is no real persuasion. To be

fully sensible of this it is sufficient to observe, with how much more attention the simple charge of the judge is listened to at the close of a trial, than all the eloquent pleadings that preceded it. Mixed with abundance of undeniable facts, and under the garb of downright truth and honest surliness, Mr. Cobbett deals out principles the most fallacious, with great art, and wonderful force of popular eloquence; but his frequent and outrageous contradictions of his own principles have, in a great degree, neutralized them. He is to receive judgment this day, having been tried for a libel, with intention to excite the troops to mutiny.

‘There is not another government in Europe who could long withstand the attacks to which this is continually exposed. The things published here would set on fire any other heads in the world; but either from insensibility, reason, or habit, they make but little impression. This sort of insensibility extends in some degree to personal attacks. Private anecdotes and secret stories are brought to light daily, of such a nature as ought to make the individuals concerned so ashamed to show themselves, as absolutely to drive them from society for the rest of their lives. Nothing of the kind:—the neck is no sooner out of the pillory, and the shoulders hardly healed after the castigation administered by the hands of newspaper writers, and other practitioners in the art of abuse and invective, than the person appears in the world as if nothing had happened. It is strange, that a people so proud, and certainly full as moral as their neighbours, should show this strange callousness.’ p. 202.

‘July 27. On our way from St. Asaph’s to Denbigh, we stopped at the house of a gentleman we had seen in Norfolk; he was not at home, but one of the ladies of the family accompanied us to Denbigh. From this house the view takes in the whole valley of Clwydd, (pronounced Cluid) 20 or 30 miles long, and about 6 broad, with hills of moderate and irregular height on each side. A great number of gentlemen’s houses were in sight, with their usual accompaniments of wood and lawn, but no cottages,—I mean real dwellings of the poor. If there ever was here a revolution *a la Francoise*, declaring *guerre aux chateaux, paix aux chaumières*, the castles would certainly carry it, being a hundred to one. This general appearance of the country, brings to my mind a bon mot of Carlin, the famous harle-

quin. 'Quel dommage que le pere Adam ne se soit pas avisé d'acheter une charge de Secrétaire du Roi—nous serions tous nobles!' I do not know what office the Father Adam of England bought, but every body in it seems rich. Whenever I have asked proprietors of land, or farmers, why they did not build houses for their labourers, the answer has generally been, that such houses are nests of vermin, pilferers, and poachers; and that far from building, they would rather pull down such houses. The labourers reside in some small town or village in the neighbourhood. Denbigh, for instance, has doubled in extent within a few years by this accession of inhabitants. Labourers have often several miles to walk to and from their work, which is so much out of their labour or out of their rest. This, I own, has lowered a little my ideas of universal felicity, which the appearance of this country encourages one to form. There are then it seems obscure corners, where the poor are swept out of the way, as the dust of the walks of the rich, in a heap out of their sight; and, to judge properly of this general prosperity, it would be necessary to see what passes in these abodes of the labouring class.' p. 221.

'This is a town (Edinburgh) of 90 or 100,000 inhabitants,* the tenth part of London, in three distinct divisions; the old and the new town, side by side, with the wide ditch between; then the port (seaport) at about a mile distance, on the Frith of Forth. The shops, tradesmen and labourers are mostly in the old town. The college is there also, but learning begins to be attracted by politeness, and the professors come to live in the region of good dinners and fine ladies. From a height (Calton Hill) in the new town, which overlooks the dark, dull and dirty assemblage of the old houses of the old town, strangers are shewn with a mixture of pride and pity, the back of the humble abode of Adam Smith, and the place where he composed, walking to and fro, his work on the Wealth of Nations. Not far off is the house inhabited lately by another celebrated professor, but, who happily for his country, has not taken his place yet among the great men who are no more,

'The environs of Edinburgh as well as the scite on which it is built, present accidents of high geological interest;

* In 1687, Edinburgh had only 20,000 inhabitants. It is an increase nearly equal to our American cities.

masses of rocks protruding the soil, rise abruptly to great heights. Calton Hill, already mentioned in the new town, is three hundred and fifty feet high; the rock of the castle in the old town about as much; and close to the town Arthur's seat about eight hundred feet high. In the space of two or three miles, south and west, the surrounding country is *herissé* with eight or ten similar protuberances, each four or five hundred feet high. These masses are of a basaltick nature, and assume in many places the prismatic form ordinary to that substance. These rocks are less interesting to the painter than to the naturalist, they do not unite well with the country, and are either too uniform or too grotesque.

'This is in every respect a singular town. The new part is placed in the middle of a beautiful and fertile country, without suburbs or shabby approach, like other towns which have grown by degrees. This one was cast in a mould,—created all at once, within the memory of half its inhabitants; for when this fine bridge which now unites the two towns, was built in 1769, the new town did not exist, or only three or four houses of it. Houses are shewn in the old town, where persons of the first consequence lived, not a great many years ago, now only deemed fit for the lowest tradesmen or labourers. I find in the statistical progress of the capital of Scotland, by Sir John Sinclair, comparing its state in the year 1763 and 1793, several very curious facts. Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation; that of the duke of Douglas is now occupied by a wheelwright; Oliver Cromwell once lived in the late gloomy chamber of the Sheriff's clerk; the great marquis of Argyle's house was possessed by a hosier, at the rent of twelve pounds per annum. These facts indicate a great revolution in the manner of life of all ranks of people—a revolution which most people of an advanced age deplore—which the new generation exults in;—and which has its advantages and disadvantages; the former, however, undoubtedly preponderate. There cannot be any great harm in having a little more space and cleanliness in their dwellings; in spending their evenings at plays and concerts rather than at taverns; in dining at the hour when they used to sup, and using umbrellas in a country where it rains so often.' p. 266.

‘*Sept. 1. To Killin, only twenty-one miles to-day, through much the same sort of country as yesterday; glen after glen—green and bare and deserted, with towering hills all round; one of them seemed to have the form of an immense crater—a hollow cup—but all the detached masses below were granite and schistus, and nothing volcanick. Beautiful pieces of quartz lay about every-where. Some of the hills could not be less than two thousand feet high. The Tay, an inconsiderable mountain torrent, descended with us the whole day. The question occurs naturally in traversing these solitudes, where are the men? where are the Highlanders? and if you are told that the system of sheep farming has banished them from their country, then you would be apt to ask where are the sheep? Very few indeed are seen; the grass is evidently not half eaten down—hardly touched indeed, in many places. We met to-day, however, with several habitations, and we entered some of them; a small present was willingly received, and served as a passport to our curiosity. The only door is common to men and beasts, and of course very dirty. You see as you come in, on one side, a small stable, which seems very unnecessary, since in the much more rigorous climate of North America, cattle have commonly no shelter in winter. The other side is separated by a rough partition; this is the dwelling-place of the family; you find in it not a chimney, but a fire-place on the ground, with a few stones round it, immediately under a hole in the roof; a hook and a chair fastened to a stick, to hang an iron kettle on; a deal table; a piece of board on which oat cakes are prepared; a dresser with some little earthen ware; an old press; a pickling tub for mutton; some pieces of mutton hung in the smoke, which winds round them on its way to the roof; a shelf with many cheeses, and among the cheeses a few books. The title of one of them was, ‘Searmona le Mr. Eobhanu Mac Diarmud, ministèir ann in Glascho, agus na Dheigh sinancornu. Duneidin du Bhuaiste le Islenau 1814.’ Another was a catechism, also in the Erse or Gaelick, and a Bible in English. The beds were a filthy matrass, and a filthy blanket,—no sheets, no floor—only the ground trodden hard: a window of four small panes, not one entire. Such is the interiour; and to finish the picture of these hovels, each has its ladder against the roof; either to stop the progress of fire, when the thatch happens to catch, or*

a leak, which they do by means of a few sods. Some of the roofs bore a luxuriant crop of grass. This is abject poverty, or at least appears so; yet these people feel no want, and enjoy health, which is more than many do who are rich. Their poverty does not seem to extend to food, for they have plenty of fish from their lakes and rivers; and one acre of potatoes can feed a family. They have also a small field of oats; meat is not probably very scarce near such flocks of sheep, and I saw hogs to-day. Fuel is at their door. Labour is paid 2s. 6d. or 3s. a day. With such means of subsistence, I do not understand what the Highlanders gain by migrating to America. With some labour they can procure here, what is not to be had there without labour. There are schools here every where; children learn to read in English and Erse; but the last language alone is in common use.' p. 303.

'The day was very fine, an uncommon circumstance, and the sun setting in full splendour, spread over the wonderful landscape of Loch Katrine its richest tints, "one burnished sheet of living gold."

'Returning through the Trosacks, they appeared to more advantage; and we remarked a narrow and wild pass on the left, along the base of Benledi, which we pronounced to be the very spot of the ambuscade of Rhoderick Dhu,—the whole scene between him and Fitz James was before us. I wish it was possible to convey in the French language, something of the beauty of this description, unparalleled for vigour and truth of painting,—for simple, energetick and just expression,—for generosity and heroism of sentiments, and even for strength of reasoning. But, in translating into French verse, you must submit to lose the poetry—if into prose the harmony of the original; and although there can be no hesitation in the choice, yet it is a great deal to lose. The mechanical harmony of verse, is to the sense, exactly what harmony in musick is to melody, True poets in France write in prose. First among them I should certainly name Jean Jaques Rousseau, who wrote nothing legible in verse; the author of Paul and Virginia—of Telemaque—of Corinne. If poetry was only what the dictionary of the academy calls it, *l'art de faire des ouvrages en vers*, or according to Johnson's definition, *metrical composition*, then indeed these writers were no poets. But they were eminently so, if poetry is the art of

exciting the imagination, either by a representation of material objects, or by an imitation of the language of our passions and our affections, and in doing this with the truth of nature, in a manner that all may feel who are capable of feeling;—awakening the dormant powers of the mind to new ideas and sentiments, and giving them an impulse which goes further than the written thought, as fire is kindled by a spark. This idea was most happily expressed in the *Edinburgh Review* of Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*. 'The highest delight, which poetry produces, does not arise from the mere passive perception of the images or sentiments which it presents to the mind, but from the excitement which is given to its own internal activity, and the character which is impressed on the train of its spontaneous conceptions: and the true lover of poetry is often indebted to his author for little more than the first impulse, or the key note of a melody, which his fancy makes out for itself.'

'A work of genius often fixes the attention of the reader less than a merely good work, and not more than a bad one, although from a very different cause. The mind is carried away from the ideas and sentiments expressed in the first, by those it suggests, it slumbers over the last, and gives its full and undivided attention to the second.

'The Poetry of almost all foreign nations is different from the French; and those who are acquainted with the latter only, can scarcely form an idea of what is meant by poetry—that wondrous art of awakening the mind to strong emotions, by happy expressions, and words of magick import, arranged in measured and harmonious lines;—of fixing as they pass some few of those fleeting, nameless thoughts, that swell the heart and dim the eyes; and as the crowd of strange forms, creatures of another world, and deeds of hands unseen, rush on the mind like a mighty torrent, of snatching a few drops from the hurrying stream, and giving a colour and a name to the invisible creation.

'I have often wondered at the very great inferiority of all translations of works of imagination. Thoughts, it seems, which are not mere matter of fact, or simple deductions from facts, owe more to the manner of expressing them, than to their own intrinsic merit. To say differently, but equally well, what has been happily said before, "is often difficult and frequently impossible, even in the same language." "*Credunt homines*" said Bacon, "*rationem*

suam, verbis imperare, sed fit etiam, ut verba vim suam super rationem retorqueant.” ’ p. 325.

The amusements and way of life in Edinburgh are, as may be supposed, as close an imitation of the manners and fashions of London, as relative circumstances of wealth, numbers, &c. can admit. London is the head quarters of trade, of financial operations, and the focus of factions. Edinburgh is not only a stranger to trade and money matters, but the only political party there is the party of obedience and loyalty. There are whigs, and I am told that the majority of the legal and the literary men are of that party, but moderately so. You meet with few of the downright reformers among the good company of Edinburgh, and more among the lower people. A jacobin Tradesman is here a phenomenon, and the individual generally a man of bad private character. I know this from a person distinguished in that party; he said the common people were all tories—that among them, *whiggism was rank democracy*. You hear as little here about political traffick, as about commercial traffick; nothing is either bought or sold; none of those vile passions which elsewhere disfigure society have here an aliment. People live in comparative mediocrity, without fear of losing what they have, or much hope of improving their fortune otherwise than by prudence and economy;—those who thirst for riches must seek them elsewhere. The result of all this is a certain general impression of peace and tranquillity, very striking to strangers; but this repose is not slumber,—a pursuit of different interest remains, literature and the sciences which are cultivated with zeal and success. As to what is called pleasure, there are here assemblies in the London style made as numerous as possible; but notwithstanding the efforts of a laudable emulation, the inhabitants of London being as ten to one, Edinburgh routs cannot, by the nature of things, arrive at a perfection of crowds equal to those of the capitol. It is often possible to sit and converse; cards, and even chess, are not quite excluded—you find generally one or two tables, with the pamphlets of the day, rare and valuable books carelessly heaped up; prints, drawings, and even children’s play things, which some are glad to take hold of, by way of appearing amused, when they are least disposed to be so. The piano is another play-thing upon which a young and pretty hand is seen, but little listened to. I have observed that

in these numerous assemblies, musick is the signal for a general *dechainement* of tongues; even those who were silent before, talk then, by the same sort of secret sympathy which swells the notes of the Canary bird in his cage to overpower conversation. A circle is formed round the instrument—people press about the performer, talking a *qui mieux mieux*. It is indeed most true, that nine times out of ten, the performer and her instrument produce at best but a harmonious noise:—the more execution the less musick. The hours are less late here than in London; they do not quite turn the night into day. Day indeed is little more than nominal: at 12 o'clock the sun is so low, that the shadow of the houses across a very wide street, although only three stories high, cover the first story of the opposite side. There were people of quality in Greece at the period of its greatest luxury, who boasted that they had never seen the sun; if there is any merit in overcoming difficulties, they might have been vain of having seen it here. The climate of Scotland does indeed better without sun than any other; winter is neutralized by the surrounding sea:—the thermometer is a little below freezing in the night, just as much above in the day—there is no snow—the grass is quite green—and we have frequently calm and clear days wanting only a little duration. A fine morning, a fine evening follow each other without noon; six or seven hours of light in the twenty-four.'

'Mr. Liston, known so advantageously in the United States (where I wish for the sake of the two countries he was still ambassadour) has a very pretty residence in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where he has planted, or rather Mrs. Liston has, an American garden full of the natives of our fields, and of our woods, to which we find some difficulty in granting that degree of consideration due to their rank of exoticks. These plants thrive remarkably well in their almost polar situation. Mr. Liston was formerly the companion of Mirabeau in a military school in France, and tells several interesting anecdotes of this celebrated personage, and has preserved some of his letters written at the age of seventeen. Good for nothing from his earliest youth, witty, turbulent, and factious, as he shewed himself afterwards, Mirabeau exposed himself frequently to merited punishment, always borne very impatiently. Once he refused obstinately to leave his place of confinement, where he

said he had been put unjustly, unless due reparation were made to him. Mr. Liston, early a negotiator, was selected to reason with him, and bring him, if possible, to his right senses. "You are destined," said he to him, "to the profession of arms in France; how can you expect to succeed with this undisciplinable spirit?" "Ah!" he answered, striking his forehead with his hand, "that is too true;—why was I not born in a country like yours: where merit needs not pay court to power, and the road to distinction lies open!" then denounced vengeance against the existing state of things in France.'

'We could not be at Edinburgh without wishing to see the Caledonian bard, whose fertile and brilliant genius produces poems with the rapidity of thought, and we have been gratified. Mr. Scott is a tall and stout man, thirty-five or forty years of age; very lame from some accident in his early youth. His countenance is not particularly poetical, complexion fair, with a coarse skin—little beard—sandy hair—and light eyes and eyebrows; the *tout ensemble* rather dull and heavy: Yet when he speaks, which he is not always disposed to do, and is animated, his eye lightens up

"With all a poet's ecstacy."

'This poet likes conviviality, and tells well, and *con amore*, such stories as are told here only after dinner. He is a great tory, and consequently a warm friend of liberty (in Spain:) a disposition, I have already observed, characteristic of his party. His disapprobation of a certain article in the Edinburgh Review, on Cevallos's book, induced him to withdraw his name from the list of subscribers. This article is, in one sense, friendly to Spanish liberty, but then not in the right sense. Mr. Scott has a valuable place, which had been promised him by the Ministry, which preceded Mr. Fox's, but he was not in possession when they went out, and some of Mr. Fox's colleagues objected to his having it, saying, it was a *job*, "It is at least a job in favour of genius," answered Mr. Fox, with that liberality and generosity which distinguished him so particularly, "it does not happen often, and is not dangerous." Mr. Scott had the place, and I hope does justice to the memory of his whig patron.' p. 368.

'The name of Newcastle is identified with that of coals, the country about containing immense strata of this mineral, which is the object of a great trade. There are farms under ground as well as on the surface, and leased separately.—I know of a subterranean farm of this kind of 5000 acres, for which 3000*l.* sterling a year is paid, and a per centage, depending on the quantity of coals extracted, which may double that rent. It is remarkable enough, that when the estate in which this mine is situated was sold, thirty years ago, the purchaser refusing to pay a certain consideration for the right of mining, this right, for which the former proprietor receives now 3000*l.* a year, possibly six or more, was reserved ; not that either party were ignorant of the existence of coals, but the steam engine was not then so generally applied to mining, and the other branches of the art had not then reached their present improved state ; the consumption likewise, was much less. Finally, what is now worth 6000*l.* a year was not deemed worth one year's purchase thirty years ago. I accepted with pleasure an invitation to descend in a coal mine. The mode is rather alarming. The extremity of the rope which works up and down the shaft being formed into a loop, you pass one leg through it, so as to sit or be almost astride on the rope : then, hugging it with both arms, you are turned off from the platform over a dark abyss, where you would hardly venture if the depth was seen. This was 63 fathoms deep (378 feet.) One of the workmen bestrade the loop by the side of me, and down we went with considerable rapidity. The wall of rock seemed to rush upwards, the darkness increased—the mouth above appeared a mere speck of light. I shut my eyes for fear of growing giddy ; the motion soon diminished, and we touched the ground. Here we stopped for two other persons. Each of us had a flannel dress, and a candle, and thus proceeded through a long passage—rock above, rock below—and a shining black wall of coal on each side ; a railway in the middle for horses, (for there are fifty or sixty horses living in this subterraneous world,) to draw two four wheel carriages, with each eight large baskets of coal ; these baskets are brought one at a time by diminutive waggons, on four little wheels, drawn or pushed by boys along other railways, coming down the side streets to this main horse-road, the ceiling of which is cut in the main rock, high enough for a man to

stand upright, while the side streets are no higher than the stratum of coals (4 1-2 feet) therefore you must walk stooping.'

'The whole extent of the mine is worked in streets, intersecting each other at right angles, 24 feet wide and 36 feet asunder, leaving therefore 36 feet every way. The miners have two enemies to contend with, air and water; that air is hydrogen gas, continually emitted by the coals, with an audible hissing noise. The contact of the lights necessary to be used would infallibly set fire to the hydrogen gas, if allowed to accumulate, and either blow up or singe the miners severely; it is therefore necessary that there should be a continual current of air going in and out by two different issues, at the beginning of the works; and while there is only one shaft, this is effected by means of a wooden partition carried down along the middle of the shaft, then along the first street opened. and so disposed afterwards, that the air which comes down the shaft on one side of the partition, may circulate successively through each and every street before it returns up the other division of the shaft, a small fire establishing and keeping up the draught. As to water, the dip or inclination of the stratum of coals being known, all the art consists in making the first shaft in the lowest part of the track; a steam engine at the top drains up the water, and draws up the coals. Wherever the shaft comes in contact with any stratum yielding water, it must be kept out by means of a drum or lining of timber, made tight round the inside of the shaft. I saw a small stream of clear water issuing from the bed below, near the stable where the horses are kept, and serving to water them. These horses are in very good order; their coats soft and glossy, like the skin of a mole; they are conveyed down, or taken out, with great care and expedition, by means of a great net or bag.'

'Some of the mines are more extensive than the city of Philadelphia; and their streets are as regular. When the whole area is thus excavated in streets, it must not be supposed that the solid blocks are abandoned; but, beginning at the furthest extremity, the miners proceed to pull down all the blocks one after the other. When a space of two or three hundred feet square has been thus left unsupported, the ceiling of solid rock begins to sag and crack, with a hideous noise; the workmen go on notwith-

standing, trusting that the ceiling will not break down close to the blocks, but some way behind ; and such is the case ; the cracks grow wider and wider—the rock bends down, coming at last in contact with the floor, and the whole extent is thus filled up : on the surface of the ground, however, nothing is perceived ; the rocks are left to manage the business among themselves below. Houses, and stone houses too, remain standing, and their inhabitants sleep in peace all the while.’ p. 58. Vol. II.

‘York is an old town, and of course very ugly, containing about 15,000 inhabitants. Its Minster is one of the wonders of England, fifty feet longer than Westminster-Abbey, which is I think, five hundred and twenty feet. The main tower over the centre is heavy ; the two lesser ones are much better ; the rest of the exterior is light and beautiful. The interior is very striking indeed, and superiour to any thing we have yet seen ; as to boldness, lightness, and prodigious high finish of the carving—quite sharp and *à jour*. The figures introduced are in the usual barbarous grotesque style. The outside carving, originally as highly finished, having been much injured by time, is now undergoing thorough repairs, or rather an entire new facing ; the modern carving is fully equal to the old, and made like in colour by oiling the stones. Beautiful as the inside of the minster undoubtedly is, I think it less striking than the dome of St. Pauls ! the latter is something less in size, but its vast airy dome, and the wide area under it, produce a greater effect. The tower of a small Gothick Church near the minster is remarkable light and beautiful. The windows of the minster are too large, and admit too much light.

‘On Sunday the Judges just arrived for the assizes, came to church *en grand costume*, with their huge powdered wigs, and black robes : but all their smartness was lost upon us, who had just seen the Scotch judges dressed in white and pink satin. The mayor and corporation swelled the train, and in the rear footmen in white liveries, and large nosebags at the buttonhole ; the whole town was in motion. The assizes in a county town are an event ; and it puts me in mind of Mad. de Stael’s witty remark, “on ne s’amuse une fois, que pour découvrir que l’on s’y ennue tous les jours.” The chanting was very good, and the voices of some of the young choristers admirable, but the organist flourished too much. The same day we went to the Unita-

rian chapel, where we expected to hear Mr. W. preach; but the New-England tone and pronunciation soon informed us, that our godly instructor came from the other side of the Atlantick. Travelling as well as ourselves in this distant country, chance had thus brought us together—he to give and we to receive edification. The mode of worship of the Unitarians has the defect of being too rational; their service resembles in its extreme simplicity that of the French protestants, among whom I was born. The English sectaries have however greatly the advantage in other respects; they profess openly in perfect liberty and peace, the faith of their conscience, and sing the praises of God to the sound of the organ in their own town, while those of France were obliged to meet by stealth, in secret and lonely places. I have seen in the mountains of the Vivarrais a Protestant minister preach from the hollow trunk of an old chesnut-tree, and heard the rocks of the wilderness re-echo the psalms of King David, sung with the fervour of primitive zeal, in language piously barbarous.

‘We had the pleasure of seeing here, a preacher of another sort, the Rev. S. S. who has been the delight of the devout fashionables of the capital; it is not however in this character we have known him, but in his own house, where, among his friends, he is a most agreeable companion. He has the reputation of being one of the most lively writers of the Edinburgh Review, and serious too, when he pleases. His countenance struck me as very like that of the unfortunate Louis XVI. with more vivacity in the eye.

‘There is near York a retreat for lunaticks, which appears admirably managed, and almost entirely by *reason* and kindness; it was instituted by the Quakers. Most of the patients move about at liberty, without noise and disorder, and by their demure and grave deportment shew they have not quite forgotten to what sect they belong. We observed, however, in a great garden or court, some men in broad brim hats, walking about in a hurried, agitated manner, with their hands in their coat pockets, where we found at last they were confined. The lowest only of the patients are allowed to be seen: for the Quakers recognize in practice some inequalities of rank. It is impossible, however, to blame those who wish not to expose the infirmities of their friends to the idle gaze of the curious. The mistress of the house is a good-looking, portly lady, lately married to the

keeper, both Quakers. You cannot say of this couple with Moliere, "*Du côté de la barbe est toute la puissance :*" for all the consequence and the talents seem here on the side of the lady, and her husband appears merely her deputy. The frame of the windows is of iron, which saves the appearance of grates. Some of the patients are allowed to go out of the premises, and even to town alone. The directress told us, that having been indisposed in consequence of a fall, and some little dispute having arisen a short time afterwards with one of the female patients, the latter said to her, "I am sorry to see that since thy fall thee hast not been quite *right*, and if it should last, we shall be obliged to take care of thee!" We heard some other curious traits; I shall mention only the following. A young and stout female patient, displeased with one of the servants, threw her down on the floor, and holding her there said, "What should hinder me from strangling thee? I am mad; they could not hang me for it!"

'In fourteen years one hundred and fifty-four patients have been admitted; of which seventy-three have been cured, twenty-four have died (three by suicide) and fifty seven remain. There are more women than men. The most ordinary causes are love, religion, pride, and reverses in fortune; two of these causes apply more particularly to the sex—the other two are equally divided. I have been told by a well-informed person, born a Quaker, that there are more instances of insanity among that persuasion than among other people; the rich particularly are most exposed to this calamity. Commerce and manufactures are nearly the only professions from which Quakers do not exclude themselves; but the sons of rich merchants, caring little about trade, and almost all kinds of amusements, the Fine Arts, and certain departments of literature, falling under the same interdiction, nothing remains but *ennui*, nervousness, and at last insanity. Dr. Johnson, who was well qualified to judge of mental maladies, said of one of his friends, "He would not have drowned himself if he had known how to hem a pocket handkerchief." The circumstance of the Quakers, building this lunatick asylum entirely for themselves, recalled to my mind what happened to me once in travelling through a back settlement of America. Observing in the house of a settler an apparatus to distil spirits, I asked him how he could expect a sale for the liquor in so

remote a situation. "Oh," he answered, "it is only for family use." "

'The Rev. S. S. who accompanied us, said he understood there was an undue proportion of tailors among mad people. I would not answer that this remark was to be taken seriously. The profession has a certain degree of ridicule attached to it in England, and is obnoxious to certain jokes, which, although neither very new nor very refined, genuine mirth is not so fastidious as to disdain.

Madness appears to be fatally common in Great Britain, and among the high ranks as well as among Quakers and tailors. I have heard of three families of Scotch Dukes, in which there have been, from time to time, cases of this kind, and eleven Earls' families. My informant, who was not so well acquainted with the state of noble brains in the southern section of the Island, could not name more than three families of mad English Dukes; and the case of an illustrious personage belongs by blood rather to Scotland than to England: yet the Scotch talk of this calamity as affecting peculiarly England, seeing the mote in their brother's eye, and not the beam in their own. It has long been my opinion, said Horace Walpole, that the out pensioners of Bedlam are so numerous, that the shortest and cheapest way would be to confine in Moorfields the few that remain in their senses, who would then be safe, and let the rest go at large.' p. 68. Vol. II.

"Of its * system of education I know very little. A great historian who had spent here some years of his youth, has spoken of it very unfavourably. It was in his time little else than a monkish community, sunk in ease and indolence, and the facts disclosed in the course of a sharp controversy lately carried on between a champion of the university, and a certain illustrious literary association, tends, upon the whole, to confirm Gibbon's charges. This splendid university seems to have slumbered on since the revival of letters, ignorant or unmindful of the discoveries of modern times. It remained Aristotelian and scholastick for centuries after the rest of the world, and when it ceased to teach exploded doctrines, it taught nothing at all in their stead.

"It appears however that important changes and improvements have been introduced within a few years, and the obstacles of antiquated forms and practices once re-

* Oxford.

moved, the establishment may work its own perfect regeneration. The ancient universities of Europe, founded in the times of the universal dominion of the church of Rome, have preserved, even in Protestant countries, that languor and that pride, which the long possession of undisturbed power is apt to generate ; which, at the same time that it clings to prerogative, knows not how to maintain real ascendancy. Considering the manifest state of imperfection of establishments and methods of education in general—and that of all professions, that of tutor is, perhaps, the most difficult, and the most negligently attended to, it is a matter of surprise that so many people should, after all, be well educated. But it will be found, that in general, they recommenced their education anew after it was finished, naturally and without any formed design. The grain of corn, which the unfriendly frosts of the winter have thrown out of the ground where it had been sown, strives to regain in the spring the situation it has lost, and its elevated root taking a short turn, dives back again into its genial element in search of food—but there has been a loss of time and substance, and the young plant does not always attain afterwards the full growth and maturity to which its natural constitution had destined it.’ p. 113. vol. ii.

‘*March 25.* London. Here we are once more, after an absence of nine months. This second first sight made much the same impression as the first. London does not strike with admiration ; it is regular, clean, convenient (I am speaking of the best part,) but the site is flat ; the plan monotonous ; the predominant colour of objects dingy and poor. It is altogether without great faults and without great beauties. Suppose yourself in one of the best streets, it extends *à perte de vue* before you, in an undeviating straight line ; the side-walks wide and smooth ; every door with its stone steps, its iron railing and its lamp ; one house differing from its neighbour in no one thing but the number on the door, and the name of the occupant. Turn the next corner, and you have another street as long, as wide, and as straight, and so on from street to street. At night you have eternal rows of lamps, making the straightness of the streets still more conspicuous and tiresome. This palpable immensity has something in it very heavy and stupifying. The best houses in Edinburgh are certainly very inferior to those of the same rank in London, yet the difference of

the materials, a bright chrystallized stone, instead of dingy bricks, gives them a look of superiour consequence and cheerfulness; the variety of views also, and the proximity of the country, without the fag end of suburbs, are invaluable advantages. There is no doubt in London a greater choice of society, the best probably, and the pleasantest; but it is in general out of the reach of a stranger and of no sort of consequence to him.' p. 116. vol. ii.

'April 7. We went to Westminster Abbey this morning, and found it, with all its merits, inferiour to York Minster, both inside and out. The painted windows are not good; and, although I should not wish to whitewash the walls, yet I think them too dark and sooty. The chanting was very fine, and the organ accompaniment simple and beautiful. Of all human inventions to elevate the mind, and excite enthusiasm, I know of none so powerful as church musick. The place adds undoubtedly to its effect. Whatever sentiments of elevation and piety the musick might have produced, were soon unfortunately brought down to the ordinary worldly level by the sermon it was our fortune to hear. The preacher was a purple-faced, short-necked man, forcing his hollow, vulgar, insincere voice through a fat narrow passage. He told us, or rather read out of a paper in his hand, that it was wrong to wish to die, yet not right to be afraid neither; and that St. Paul taught us to keep a happy medium. Among many words he pronounced in a peculiar manner, I recollect *acknowledge* and *innocence*, like *no* in *noble*, which is not unusual, I think, on the stage; *perfady* instead of *perfidy*; *sunsine* instead of *sunshine*.'

'April 18. Mr. West's new picture at the British Institution is all the fashion; every body goes to see it, and it is considered as his *chef d'œuvre*, after his *Regulus*. The society has bought the picture for three thousand pounds. The subject is Christ healing the sick. They (the sick) form the prominent part of the picture, and certainly they are, what they ought to be, very sick. But that is an effect easily produced; and it is only an exact likeness of a few wretched objects, unconnected, and passive. Christ is coming forth, his hands extended towards them all, doing good like Providence, not like a common mortal, without emotion and without effort. This may at least be fancied to have been the intention of the artist. Our Saviour

seemed to me, however, to have only the countenance of a very handsome Jew, with a clear skin, trim beard, and rather more genteel than their tribe generally are, yet not divine at all. The extended hands are delicate ;—fingers tapering to an affectation, and finically graceful ;—the colouring is bluish and cold, and the outlines of all the objects as sharp and distinct as cut tin. The only figure which struck me as fine, is that of a young man who has just laid down his dying father at the feet of Christ, and with one knee on the ground and outstretched hands, and earnest looks, seems to pray with perfect faith. The Christ of Michael Angelo, at Mr. Angerstein's, with all its defects, is far otherwise divine than this ;* and without disparagement to Mr. West's reputation, I think he might have improved his colouring by the study of Rembrandt, Vandyke or Murillo.' p. 129. v. ii.

* The Christ of Mr. Trumbull, in his picture of the Woman taken in Adultery, which I have just seen on the easel. (10th September) appears to me to approach much nearer than Mr. West's to that peculiar character of ineffable goodness and sublime meekness which belongs to our Saviour alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]